

i've known them a long time now
& i love them but sometimes
visiting them is a little too
dramatic

even for a poet.

I'M GETTING TO KNOW HER

at first it was like fishing
through a hole in a frozen
lake
running into her on the st.
the cold shoulder

& now months later completely
thawed out the conversation
is warm
parked in front of the
laundromat like 2 canoes in a
blue lagoon

as she gently tugs at my beard
tells me she's allergic to
hippies
"here look," she says & lifts
up her skirt shows me
an invisible rash on the in-
side of her thigh
& laughs

& i reach for her blouse, ask
for more evidence
& she laughs even harder

she guesses i'm a leo
but she's not even close.

BLIND MAN

he sits down next to me
on the bus
starts talking
& it's very strange like

this huge ventriloquist's
doll with the ventriloquist
locked inside

only the head & the mouth
moving the eyes glazed over
but he's there
his consciousness, his guts
the nuts & bolts of his
personality
peeking out from some two way
mirror in his dead eyes

makes me uneasy
like i might say the wrong
thing
like when i was a kid trying
to open walnuts
by squeezing two together

always doing it too easy
or so hard they split up into
a million crumbs.

I LOVE YOU, BUT

"i love you," she says, "i'm just
not ready to get into anything
serious right now. i need more
space, i'm still trying to get
over Bill."

& i look around & she's right his
presence is in the room
his hands still in her soul
shadows of his shoes by her bed
his gloves draped over the t.v.

he still owns the franchise of
her body
the eyes, lips
between her legs

& now 3 months later the gloves
are gone
& only one shoe by the window
"i still need more time," she says
"but god i love you so much."